

More Thoughts On Duxbury

By Alison Arnold

Always, at this time of year, although I am now a year 'round resident of Duxbury, the old thrill of "going to Duxbury for the summer" comes back to me.

In early, June, it seemed as if schooldays would never end. But finally the long-awaited day arrived and we were really leaving Brookline for Duxbury.

It was a long, dusty drive in those days through the winding, tree-shaded streets of Hingham, Cohasset and Marshfield. But when we approached Green Harbor, we could see the blue ocean and sniff the salty air.

When at last we reached Duxbury, the old house was waiting with shining windows and crisp white curtains. Inside, everything was spotless and we could smell furniture polish.

It was fun to unpack and arrange things neatly in the bureau drawers that were lined with fresh white paper, and to think of the long lazy days that stretched ahead.

One of the first things to do was to rush next door to Petersons' store to show the Petersons how we had grown during the winter and to examine the stock of penny candy.

There were bright jelly beans, pink and white striped "Gibraltar," fat chocolate creams, round peppermints and strips of shiny black licorice. Mary Peterson was very patient as we carefully chose out favorites.

Then out to the big elm tree to see if the bluebirds had come back to the bird-house again. And down to the shore to see how much eel grass had grown up on the beach during the winter, and to wade out as far as we dared.

As the exciting day ended and the swallows were twittering over the garden, we had to leave the lovely outdoors with its scent of the sea and newly mown grass. In the summer dusk we looked out the bedroom window as the stars came out and a little crescent moon appeared.

As we drifted off to sleep, we heard the leaves rustling in the breeze and the whippoorwills calling in the dark. The clock in the church steeple tolled reassuringly, and we planned all the wonderful things we'd do the next day.

We'd go for a walk up by the brook to see if there were still forget-me-nots there. And we'd walk to the Library, stopping on the way at Petersons' drugstore for ice-cream.

We'd walk to the Myles Standish monument, climb to the very top, grasp at the view, and eat our sandwiches under the pine trees.

Nobody walks nowadays. In fact, even the dogs are suspicious of walkers and bark loudly. And passersby in cars stare curiously. It's a pity, for there's so much to be seen along the roadsides.

There were daisies and but-

tercups in the fields, along with clover and sorrel. And we spent many happy hours making hollyhock dolls and playing a private game with leaves "dressed up" with flowers.

Then there was the beach at low tide. It was fun to walk way out on the mud flats until we sank in nearly up to our knees, and to collect shells and pretty stones. And there were plenty of clams to be dug.

The dogs, Rupert and Rudolph, went with us and chased seagulls across the flats, barking wildly as the gulls swooped and soared beyond their reach.

We'd walk up Surplus Street to watch the sunset, and we'd race around the lawn until we heard the call for bedtime and another long summer day ended.

Tomorrow, in the gray light before dawn, we'd wake and listen to the roosters crowing in the distance, and look forward blissfully to another happy day in Duxbury.

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